

# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Couper.*



SAD REFLECTIONS.

## MR. DAVID WADDLE'S SPECULATIONS.

CHAPTER III.—HOME AND FOREIGN DIPLOMACY.

ASSUREDLY a great change must have come over Mr. Waddle, when he could so curtly refuse admittance to one so near and one so dear to him as James Nicoll. The youth had often and freely shared his hospitality; indeed, come to regard himself as a member of the family. Mr. and Mrs. Waddle were to him "Uncle David and Aunt Ann."

No. 1182.—AUGUST 22, 1874.

Often when he and Pussy had been romping together in the parlour, or demurely walking before the old people to chapel, Mr. Waddle's looks even more than his words would seem to indicate that inward mental satisfaction which some persons derive from a certain imaginary contemplation of the future. And so the two had grown up to think of each other as those who could never be strangers.

But now what was a paltry sum of £4,000, to be invested in some slow business, which after twenty

years might yield a miserable £400 a year, to one who was about to plunge both hands—nay, to dive head-foremost—into gold, silver, sulphur, and platina mines; not to speak of all the other investments that lay temptingly spread within reach? There they were—iron-works, coal-works, gas-works, water-works; competing manures for selection all over the world; companies of every imaginable description and for every conceivable purpose, from the importation of sardines to the discounting of tens of thousands of pounds; all limited in liability, and *sure* to yield at least twenty per cent., not to speak of the advance in the value of shares. In fact, success was so certain, that some benevolent gentlemen had kindly undertaken to guarantee the interest for several years, counting profits even before they were made, thus reversing that stale, superannuated adage about “catching your hare before you cook it.” Besides, the “management” was in each case unexceptionable, and as Mr. Graham said, “Give me good names, and I'll float anything!” And the names were undoubtedly good, for did they not invariably include at least one lord, two honourables, an M.P., and several gentlemen who hailed from the best addresses in the West End, and from another in some “lane” or “court” presumably in the City—“courts” and “lanes” being, in a mercantile aspect there, sometimes symbolical of greater wealth than ordinary streets or squares?

To be sure, Mr. Waddle felt in his inmost heart that as he knew nothing whatever of any business save that of the tannery, he might be scarcely qualified to judge of, or to take part in, such enterprises, at least without very good advice; but then neither did those majors, admirals, honourables, and M.P.'s understand anything about it, and yet they could constitute the directorate of the companies. With such a directorate, then, must he not be safe? Besides, strictly speaking, Graham himself knew little about it, and yet he had told Mr. Waddle concerning a certain individual, only lately in a small provision shop, who had now attained to the estate of an esquire, and was hopefully tending towards some directorship.

In short, taking all things into consideration, Mr. Waddle persuaded himself, without much difficulty, of two things: First, it would be not only wrong, but cruel, to allow young Nicoll to continue so intimate in his house. What would be the use of it? It could only excite false hopes. There was now a gulf between James and Pussy; and to speak plainly he would only be doing his duty towards Mrs. Waddle and Pussy, for whose sakes alone he was working and planning. Secondly, Mr. Waddle perceived most clearly that now or never he must make his investments. Just at that moment he might be considered as having obtained his wife's consent. But would the mood last? Besides, though he might keep James Nicoll out of the house, there was no saying what, or how soon, report might reach old John Nicoll. The mere suggestion of consulting the old broker had filled Mr. Waddle with vague terror; what would the reality be?

So Mr. Waddle planted his hat firmly on his head and sallied forth. He had not made up his mind in what to invest, nor indeed to invest at all; but he would consult Graham. Very different was Mr. David Waddle's mien and bearing that morning from what it had been wont, when with mind at ease he used to make his way through the well-known

streets, stopping here to exchange civilities with an old friend, or there to inquire after the health of a poorer neighbour. He proceeded on his course in a sort of abstracted manner, as one who revolves great things. Only once did he stop, at the bank where his wife's £2,000 were deposited, to inquire whether there were any news, at which question the manager and the two clerks looked up in utter bewilderment. Mr. Graham's office was conveniently situated, having two entrances, the one from the main street, the other from a back lane. Mr. Waddle chose the latter. Guided by a variety of directions, such as a hand pointing forward, or “This way,” or “Come in,” and so forth, he found himself at last in the “waiting-room,” presently in the sole occupancy of a melancholy-looking youth of about fourteen or so, Mr. Graham's confidential clerk and errand-boy. Martin brightened up when Mr. Waddle entered, in acknowledgment of the relation subsisting between that gentleman and his own family, his sister Phebe being maid-of-all-work at Plum Cottage.

But Mr. Waddle was too much absorbed in his own business to take special notice of Martin Puddles. What passed in Mr. Graham's office may best be described by results. Suffice it that the deliberations were protracted, that Mr. Graham several times offered to “wire up,” which his client nervously declined, not knowing very well what it implied, but disliking the sound of the expression; and that Mr. Waddle ultimately issued again into the street, metaphorically carrying on his two arms four baskets, into which he had, by Mr. Graham's advice, distributed his two thousand eggs; for, as Mr. Graham had pointed out, it was not wise to carry them all in one basket, however strong and capacious. But now, if, for argument's sake, the “Great Wheal Bang” failed to yield immediately twenty-five per cent.—which it couldn't, however—there was Patagonian Platina; and if Patagonian Platina failed—which it couldn't—there was the Windward Islands Gas and Water Works; and behind them again, the “Irish Bog-Diamonds and Peat Draining Company,” all of which, as set forth in the various prospectuses, were severally bound in honour to pay twenty-five per cent., and which in their combination might be regarded as constituting a sort of mutual guarantee and insurance investment.

While thus Mr. Waddle's difficulties had been in course of successful removal, those whom he had left at home were trying to solve a problem not less puzzling than his. In point of fact, James Nicoll had actually written that he would arrive on the morrow, and hoped to spend Sunday with “Uncle and Aunt Waddle,” before seeking his fortunes in the great metropolis.

Mr. Waddle on his return wrote to say that it would not be convenient, and told his wife and Pussy why he had done so. Poor girl, she little expected this. She had resolved she would face her father along with James; she would brave his anger; she would leave the house and gain her bread as a teacher—in short, she was in the mood of desperate heroism not uncommon to young ladies in such circumstances. At last, softer and submissive counsels began to prevail, just as it was time to wash away the traces of tears before her father's joining them at dinner.

That meal, which was generally of the simplest kind, ordinarily took place at the early hour of one o'clock. To an onlooker who was acquainted with

all that had taken place between breakfast and dinner, it would have been not a little interesting to notice how Mr. and Mrs. Waddle were deceiving each other, for the mother had resolved to encourage Pussy's hopes. Husband and wife had each a secret, which it was their aim not to betray to the other by look or gesture. Husband and wife looked each quite unconcerned and happy — seemed peculiarly unsuspicious and ingenuous, and were specially attentive to each other's wants.

## CHAPTER IV.—A SUNDAY OF UNREST.

A MORE complete misrepresentation could not be made than that of the conventional, dull, "puritanical Sabbath" in a certain set of story-books. True, there are odd twisted and gnarled people, and there are local prejudices, and misapprehensions of those things in life that are the most true, good, and joyous; but mental or moral malformations become apparent in other things than religion, and on other days than the Sunday. Why, then, impute to the Lord's day the folly, ignorance, or hypocrisy of men, or see no sunlight resting on its limpid waters, but only the reflection of some exaggerated grotesqueness?

Ever since Mr. Waddle had possessed a home of his own, the happiest day in it had always been that of the Lord—no business, no bustle, no work, no cares! All that was left behind in the work-a-day week, and only what was holy and happy carried over from it. The family had each other all to themselves—at a throne of grace, in social converse, in the quiet afternoon walk, and even in the house of God. Body, soul, and spirit were at rest, not idly, but, as it were, in the golden sunlight of His felt presence. There all their tenderest memories had rooted and their best thoughts and purposes sprung.

But it was not quite so on this particular Sunday. Mr. Waddle's mind was preoccupied; his wife looked troubled and anxious, and Pussy's thoughts were also somewhat wandering. And why was all this? Mr. Waddle had tried hard to persuade himself that he was only doing that which was right and dutiful. He would not use his wealth for selfish purposes; he would do good; he would be charitable, even liberal. Yet the very fact that he so reasoned with himself might have shown him his conscience was not at ease. Nor could he fix his thoughts. Even in the midst of his highest aspirations he would find himself suddenly among shares and mines, and calculations when the first dividends might be expected, and whether they would be twenty or twenty-five per cent. Of all the passions there is none which so closely intertwines itself around our whole thinking as that to which Mr. Waddle had fallen a victim.

It was a long Sunday morning—far longer than usual. At last the bells pealed, and the family prepared to sally forth to the house of God. They knew everybody in it, from the minister to the woman who was nominally the pow-opener. Not that she had much to do, for there were few changes in the chapel, and fewer strangers, and every one knew his own pew. The minister was growing old and visibly careworn since the time his family had come to number one son and six daughters. They were nice bright girls, the Hartwells, pleasant to behold, and still pleasanter to think upon, with their warm affections clustering around their poor home more than if it had been a palace, and their enthusiasm for their poor threadbare father, as if he had been the acme of perfection and a veritable hero. And they were

right; a veritable hero he was, waging a life-long fight against a sense of dependence by realising who his Master was; striving against poverty by faith, against neglect by humility, and against a general disappointment of his wishes, tastes, and aspirations by a determined use of what he had; seeking to transplant what he knew must be blighted in Greenwood into another soil, where assuredly it would spring and bloom.

Mr. and Mrs. Waddle had always agreed that there was not a man more earnest and true than their own minister. His sermons just told what and how he had experienced—neither more nor less. Mrs. Waddle could not persuade herself it would be otherwise on that day. To be sure, it was a strange text to choose, "Let your conversation be without covetousness, and be content with such things as ye have; for He hath said, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." Mrs. Waddle felt her ears tingle and her face burn when the minister read it out. All the time of the sermon she never ventured to look to the right nor the left. In expounding the text the preacher reversed the order of its statements. He began by showing how the Lord had redeemed us, and therefore could never leave nor forsake us. With this blessed conviction in our hearts, he argued, we might well rest contented with such things as His wisdom and goodness provided for us. It were not only folly, but dangerous sin, to mingle covetousness with our conversation or life. Yet it was there the enemy was always busiest, to weaken our trust, and to pierce us with many foolish and hurtful lusts. So, and in this strain, the sermon continued. Perhaps the preacher was a trifle too energetic, possibly speaking the more freely that no one could by any chance accuse him of covetousness.

Whatever others may have thought, to Mrs. Waddle it seemed a message directly from heaven, so precious were its consolations and so suitable its lessons. As the sermon drew to its close, she could have responded audibly to the description of the effects of covetousness on the heart. Inwardly she resolved to dismiss her fears and speak frankly to her husband on the subject. She had bent her head reverently to seek strength for this task, when an unexpected nudge intimated that in Mr. Waddle's opinion her devotions were unduly prolonged. Then for the first time she gathered what hold the demon must have obtained upon her husband's spirit, and a feeling of terrible desolation settled upon her. Mr. Waddle said little on the way home, and returned with coldness the advances of his fellow-worshippers.

"I never wish to hear the like of that again," was the first critical remark Mr. Waddle trusted himself to make, when the two were again seated in the parlour at home. "Nothing but the law and morality! No gospel!"

"But, David—"

"I know, I know! Speaking about things that he doesn't understand a bit. Does not the apostle tell us to be 'diligent in business'?"

"Yes, but—"

"But what?" Then, with singular inconsistency, not giving his wife time to answer the question, he added, "I don't wonder, if these are his views, that the place is half empty. No person could get on with such principles. The whole world would go asleep!"

"How can you speak of the good man in that way?" burst in Mrs. Waddle; for upon her mind

rushed the recollection of these many years when in joy and in sorrow the minister and his family had been their truest friends. She recalled how he had stood by the bedside of her children, and wept and prayed with her husband and herself, when one after the other of them lay up in that darkened room, dressed in white, and covered with flowers, as if the last earthly remembrance of them were to be as arrayed for heaven's bridal. Many a scene floated past her vision with which the minister, his work and word, were indelibly associated. And now the threatened loss of her most valued friends was only too symbolical of the better things with which she and her husband were to part.

"You need not take on so, Ann! Only, I think, when a man is past his work, he had better give it up, and make way for one younger."

Happily, the rest was cut short by the appearance of Phebe with dinner.

"Is Miss Kate not at home?"

"Kate is gone to the minister's," said Mrs. Waddle, hesitating to explain more.

"I wish she weren't so intimate there." But that was all Mr. Waddle would say on this occasion, nor did his wife deem it prudent under present circumstances to contradict him. The rest of the afternoon passed quietly. Mr. Waddle did not propose to go again to church, but spent most of the time dozing. He wondered why James Nicoll had not spoken to them, for he saw him in the minister's pew, and knew Pussy would meet him at "the manse," but he did not even mention his name. His wife tried to read; to fix her mind on the immutable promises; to cast the anchor of her hope in some quiet harbour. But it was all in vain, and she was glad to find the relief of tears in the solitude of her own room. And now it was not only sorrow that weighed her down, but anxious care for her child.

Kate had been so accustomed to love her early friend and companion, that she had scarcely before become conscious of her real relationship or feelings towards James Nicoll. He was so often in their house, always welcome, always one of themselves, that she regarded him quite as much part of her life as her own father or mother. To be sure, since that legacy of £4,000 had come to him, and he had begun to form plans of life, his language and bearing towards her had undergone some change. He had become more earnest, more attentive, more respectful. Now and then he had thrown out hints of bright hopes which he never could deserve to see realised, but which, somehow or other, he yet seemed to think would be realised. And when he had asked her opinion, and been at once guided by it, and then looked at her so intently, as one that would fain put another question, and yet another, she had blushed and dropped her eyes. He had never spoken to her of love, and yet she knew all about it. She had never fallen in love with him, and yet she loved him all along.

It was quite otherwise with her dearest friend and most intimate confidant, Emma Hartwell, the minister's eldest daughter. Now her John had taken her quite by surprise. Poor, meek, modest, self-distrusting girl that she was, she could have no idea that the bright, clever, fine youth, who was rapidly making his way, and was going to seek his fortunes as a doctor in London, had ever even noticed her, far less that he thought her face the fairest, her voice the sweetest, and her heart the gentlest, man could ever

woo. Yet he judged rightly; nay, scarcely, for she had far more of the treasure hidden than ever he, even with his loving eyes, could discover. Then, when he so unexpectedly spoke to her, asking her if she could ever love one so inferior to herself, it had come upon her with a sudden rush, that made her eyes swim and her head feel giddy. And he had misunderstood her, and imagined—well, never mind what—till he had caught her eye, and then he had gone to the other extreme. And that very evening he had spoken to her father in his study, and father had given his blessing, and mother had wept over her, and they had all prayed together, and when they had gone in from that dear old study into their poor parlour for tea, John had been so kind, and offered his arm to mother, and spoken to her with as much courteous respect as if she had been a real duchess! Only no one was to know anything of their engagement, and so she only smiled when any interfering friend deemed it her duty broadly to hint that she, Emma, should do something for herself and her family, and not expect to be supported in luxury, just as if Emma had not been teaching, working, and helping all her life long!

All this, and much more, chiefly about John Laing, had Emma communicated to her dearest friend Kate. And all this about James, his legacy, his purposes, what he had said, how he had looked, and a great deal more, had Kate in turn communicated to her dearest friend Emma. And now that James Nicoll had, no doubt, come just to do what her own John had successfully enacted before he went to London, this was to be the upshot! Long and earnest was the consultation between the two friends, as they were closeted together the greater part of the afternoon. Despite her meekness, Emma could not see it in the same way as Kate. Why should Kate's heart be broken, and James be made wretched for ever? For Emma felt sure that any one who had known and loved her Kate could never think of another. This statement Kate was, of course, bound strongly to combat, though in her inmost heart she liked and fain believed it, at least so far as James Nicoll was concerned. Mr. Waddle's could only be a passing whim! He was too good, too kind, to persist in it. And would not James brilliantly succeed in London; for was there ever a girl like Emma who has seen other than the brightest future before her friend's lover? To all such arguments poor little Pussy could only oppose a tearful negative. She saw only too clearly that, in her father's mood, the alternative before her was either worldly ruin if he failed, or the sacrifice of her affections if he succeeded. In either case it would be right to part finally from her lover; right to her father, and especially to James, who should be free to make another choice. The bond that joined them to each other must be severed, at whatever cost to herself. But in reality, as Emma reminded her friend, there was not such a bond as yet uniting them! How, then, could it all be arranged?

At last the two resolved to take Emma's mother into their confidence, she was so judicious, kind, and gentle. What if she would go and see James? The minister's wife entered readily and tenderly on her work. But she found it more difficult than she had anticipated.

Mrs. Hartwell was now to furnish these details. But how could she tell the young man who had come so full of hope that the best for himself and her he

had meant to woo was to forget they had ever met? Did she then not love him? Mrs. Hartwell thought it wisest to evade the question; and James, with the resentment perhaps not unnatural under such circumstances, spoke hardly and bitterly of Kate—more so than the minister's wife, with all her meekness and all her pity, could bear. So they parted—not in anger, but in estrangement. Yet as the weary hours crept on, an irresistible longing stole over the young man's heart at least to see once more her whom he had so loved, and from whom he was henceforth to be parted for ever. On learning that Kate was at the minister's house, he said he would accompany Mrs. Hartwell, and would hear from Kate herself her decision. When he came, and they were left together, poor Kate's heart stood still for a moment, then beat violently. He tried to take her hand, but she drew back.

"No, James, it cannot be—it must not be!"

"Cannot be? Why not, Kate? Do you not love me?—can you never love me?"

It was a terrible trial to have to answer such an appeal. But had she not her duty to consider? Was it not best and kindest to James to act as she did? But what if he should misunderstand her? She would bear that sorrow also for his sake if it could the more effectually sever him from his attachment.

"No, no!" she entreated, piteously; "but we must part, James; we must."

"Do you wish it so?" broke in the young man, passionately.

"Wish it? It must be. Yes, I wish it—that is—"

But Kate had not time to finish her sentence. In a moment he had bidden her a bitter farewell, and was hurrying away. What should she do? Her first impulse was to hasten after him and to explain all. But had she not that very morning, after a long struggle, made this very sacrifice of her heart and life, as she thought, unto the Lord? And should she now, when the trying moment came, draw back?

Kate took her way home. As she entered the parlour it seemed as if a return of her father's former fondness would in some measure help her to bear up under the heavy load.

"Well, Pussy, we have missed you sadly, me and mother. Come, sit beside me, as in old days."

Kate slid down on the rug before the fire and laid back her head against her father's knees. Her mother watched anxiously her expression.

"And where have you been, Pussy? you seem weary," and Mr. Waddle gently stroked the fair hair of his child.

"Nowhere but at the minister's, father."

"Nowhere else?"

"Nowhere;" and Kate turned her truthful eyes full into her father's face. Then her mother understood what heartache her child must suffer.

"Well, but you seem so weary, Pussy. I wish you would not go so often to the minister's." And, after a pause, "You must give them up, Kate, they are in a different position."

"No, father, I cannot give them up."

"You cannot? No; not for me, Kate?"

This was too much for her overwrought feelings; she burst into tears and sobs.

"No, not for you, father; never, never will I give them up! I have given up for you all that made life dear to me, but I cannot do that—no I cannot!"

"Let the child be, David," gravely interposed Mrs. Waddle; "she is over-tired to-night. Come, Kate, to your own room, and rest."

Neither Mrs. Waddle nor Kate appeared again during the evening. It had been the most un-Sunday-like Sunday ever passed in that family. But Mr. David Waddle had taken note of his daughter's words, and had understood them. "Never mind," he soliloquised, "it will be all right by-and-by. This thing is done, the rest will come in good time."

In good time! when the shares would pay, and be sold—and pay again, and again be sold, and so on, till even his wife and Kate would laugh at their present blindness and folly!

So Mr. David Waddle chuckled inwardly as he lit his candle to retire to his own room, on the whole well contented with himself and the world in general.

### VICTORIA FALLS, ZAMBESI RIVER.

BY THOMAS BAINES, F.R.G.S.

THESE gigantic cataracts, the greatest natural wonder of South Africa, first discovered by Dr. Livingstone, are situated nearly in the centre of the course of the great Zambesi, which, rising not far from the west coast, and draining nearly all that part of the continent between ten degrees and twenty degrees of south latitude, flows by a delta on the east coast, extending from eighteen degrees to nineteen degrees south, into the Indian Ocean. The geography of this mighty river is in itself too interesting a subject to be compressed into a subordinate paragraph, and it is better, therefore, to pass at once to these magnificent Victoria Falls, which supply the illustration to the present paper, and to which I feel but too deeply that neither my pen nor pencil can do justice.

It was soon after hearing of the discovery that, returning to Cape Town from the Zambesi Expedition, which I had left the year before, I met with Mr. James Chapman, whom I had known ten years before in the country of the Transvaal emigrants, and who had since crossed the continent of Africa from east to west. He was now preparing to start on another journey, and we agreed to join in attempting the passage from Walvisch Bay on the west coast, to the mouth of the Zambesi on the east, making our way to the Falls, with the land equipage belonging to my friend, and thence by the river, in a portable boat of copper I had constructed for the purpose, but only part of which, owing to lung sickness and other difficulties incidental to 1,500 miles of land carriage, we were able to convey to the river.

Leaving behind us the shifting sands of the west coast, the alternate thirsty deserts and green oases of Damara and Namaqua lands, the deep blue lotus-studded Bo-tlet-le river, and the elevated high land to the north, destitute for two hundred miles of the smallest indication of a river, we are again greeted, as we suddenly plunge into the broad valley of the Zambesi system, with the sweet music of gushing water. Travelling along the tributary streams as far as, on account of the poisonous cattle-fly, it is safe to take the oxen, we encamp on the sources of the Nyati or Buffalo river, near the waggon of the ambassador sent by Sechele to demand from Sekelatu

restitution of the goods of the unfortunate missionaries who had perished of harsh treatment, if not of actual poison, in his country a year before.

The unfortunate Makalakas, or natives of the valleys, scattered by the cruel raids of the Matebele, began to collect round us, glad to be fed upon the wild game that fell to my companion's rifle. A number of them agreed to carry our absolute necessities across the broad, arid ridge of red sand, scantily clothed with mopanies, and other varieties of the Bauhinia, which carry their leaves in pairs, edge up, that the sun may not scorch them, so that the traveller finds no shade beneath. We bivouacked on its northern slope, under a spreading mochicheerie-tree, in latitude  $8^{\circ} 0' 15''$ , and watching the red glare of our fire as it shone high into the recesses of the foliage, heard gradually stealing on the air, as the stillness of the night came on, the low murmuring of the cataract, still sixteen miles distant, like the sighing of the ocean before a gale.

Starting early in the morning, we were on our march when Edward Barry discovered the "smoke." Seeking a little opening in the trees, we saw the water of the broad Zambezi gleaming like a mirror beyond a long perspective of hill and dale, while from the chasm into which the water fell rose clouds of spray and mist a mile or thereabout in extent. The central clouds were the largest, but in all we counted ten, rising rather like the spray thrown up by a cannon-ball than in a strictly columnar form. The rising sun shed its warm light upon their soft vapoury forms, just swayed and altered by a gentle south-east breeze. The grey hills faded gradually into the distance, and the deep valley, winding for miles between us and the Falls, showed every variety of rough brown rock, or green or autumnal foliage—a relief unspeakable to the eye, long wearied by looking on sere mopanie leaves, burnt grass, and desolated country.

Short time was there to gaze upon this lovely scene; our weary, heavily-laden men were pressing on for water, and we had refreshed ourselves at a little rocky streamlet, called the Masœ, and started with renewed vigour, when our guide whistled. A halt was made, and every eye turned in the direction indicated. A black rhinoceros (*Boriës*), the fiercer of the two varieties, was visible in the bush upon our right, and his uneasy gestures showed that he had sighted us at the same moment. Keeping back our excited follower as well as we could, Chapman and I crept to within fifty yards, and fired with deadly aim into his shoulder. He stumbled, badly wounded, but stood at bay a hundred yards farther, viciously snuffing the air with elevated nose; a couple more shots brought him down with a broken shoulder, but again the chase commenced. He dashed through the thickets at a pace we could not cope with. Four miles back we came upon him again, but the rush of the three men who followed put the beast again to flight. We therefore left them with orders to creep up more cautiously and despatch him.

The deep, narrow chasm of the lower river redoubling in abrupt zigzags through the valley appeared almost beneath our feet. Steep, red cliffs compressed the torrents of the lower river, which, from its depth and the absence of reflection from the sky, assumed a grass-green tint; the dark shadows of the precipices contrasting with the plateaux above, whose yellow surfaces showed like fields of ripened corn; the dark-green forest fringing the

ravine of the Victoria was beyond, and from behind this rose the white vaporous spray clouds from which the Falls derive their name—Mosi, oa, Tunya, or "Smoke that sounds"—and through their openings we caught long vistas of the broad upper river, glancing like silver in the sunlight, and studded with palmy islands. The scattered bush assumed more and more the character of a forest as we approached the better-watered country of the upper river; palmyras towered above the various thorns and timber trees; dwarf fan-palms, or wild dates, with their graceful, drooping, feathery leaves, nestled below them; gigantic baobabs reared their massive trunks or spread their arms, each bigger than an ordinary forest tree, above, and the dark cypress-like motsouri afforded a sombre contrast to the rich foliage around.

According to rule we ought to have gone straight on to the halting-place opposite the ferry; but artists have always some strange fancy that sensible men would never dream of, and, at my suggestion, we camped down under a shadowy ana-tree (a gigantic thorn, whose timber is much used for building purposes by the white people in Damara land), and, taking two or three attendants to carry gun and sketch-book, I walked down to ensure at least a preliminary view. The ground to leeward was swamped by constant showers from the spray-cloud; the footprints of elephants, hippopotami, and buffaloes were filled with fine clear water; the black and rotting stumps over which we stepped were clad with delicate ferns or interlaced with bush rope; the dank foliage shook down its drenching moisture as we passed beneath. Putting aside the branches that obstructed our view, we stood at once on the precipitous verge, face to face with the westernmost cataract of the Victoria Falls. The channel opposite us, between the western shore and the nearest island, seemed about fifty yards in width, the gradual slope of its bed, while it diminished by a few feet the actual height of the fall, receiving of course a deeper body of water, which rushed impetuously over the broken rocks, gushing upward at one impediment in a beauteous dome of transparent emerald and silver tints, maintaining so permanently its place and form that the mind could scarcely realise the evanescence of its particles. A few yards more of still increasing slope, and the snow-white seething torrent, its tossed-off spray glittering and flashing like showers of diamonds in the sun, takes its final leap sheer out from the edge of the precipice to the dark abyss four hundred feet below, breaking, as it shoots diagonally downward, into masses which may be likened to snow wreaths, or the nuclei of comets, leaving long trains of lighter particles and spray to follow more slowly in their rear.

The "Three Rill Island"—its summit crowned with grass and forest, its dark, precipitous and overhanging front, deepened almost to blackness in the shadow, its base projecting like a massive buttress, and its sides broken by a chasm down which poured three smaller rills, filling it with a dull, grey mist which only a vertical sun at another period of the year could illuminate—intervened between the "Leaping Water" and the long vista of the Great Western or Main Falls, stretching in magnificent perspective of nearly half a mile to Garden Island, but broken here and there by the "dividing rock" and other smaller projections. The cliff here seemed to be of its original height, and from the absence

of any material slope in the channel the broad stream flowed calmly onward, a few miniature cascades and rapids alone breaking the repose of its dark blue surface, till, turning on the cantele of the rock, it fell in snow-white festoons to the bottom of the chasm. As it came violently down upon the rocks or lower waters, it sent out dense volumes of spray, projected forward in compressed and rolling clouds, such as might arise if the broadsides of a mighty fleet were discharged within such narrow limits. These, rebounding from the opposite cliff, ascended to a height of about twelve hundred feet, and then spread into a vaporous canopy, falling on the dense forest its influence had raised beneath it, and giving back in the rays of the unclouded tropic sun a double rainbow of such beauteous and surpassing brilliancy that the eye could scarcely look upon it. The artist might well feel himself unequal to the task of representing heavenly light with crude and earthly colours.

Still, on we pressed towards the east, beneath dense forests with ever-dripping leaves and interlacing bush-rope, through mud, and grassy swamp, and brakes of date-palm, sometimes covering the ground like lowly bush, and at others rearing their plume-like tufts on tall and slender stems. The cataracts and islands opposite loomed grandly through the drenching mists, on which the shadows of our heads were each encircled by a halo of prismatic colours; or, in fact, a circular rainbow of small proportions, in consequence of its diminished distance from the eye,—and such as may often be observed, if one who passes over a dewy field will take the pains to seek it when a clear sun casts his shadow on the grass.

In places the forest extended to the verge, the keen, south-east wind eddying upward from the gulf withering off the projecting leaves as if they had been shorn to a level with the cliff, while in others were broad spaces of dark rock, wet and slippery with gelatinous weed. I approached the edge, and looked with awe and wonder at the water rushing unceasingly downward, till my friend avoided me as an enthusiast or one demented. I kneeled, and resting one hand upon the verge, looked down into the depths, when my little bush-boy came to catch me from the supposed danger, nor would he be satisfied till I had moved away.

We had nearly reached the termination of the forest, when I saw Chapman stop and poise his rifle, the attitude of precaution showing that no despicable enemy was before us. Within seventy yards were a hundred buffaloes, and, fortunately, to windward of us; for, though their eyes glared at us beneath their massive horns, they could not decide on charging before they made a circuit to get beneath our wind and ascertain our quality by the scent. Shot after shot checked them as they attempted it, and at length they turned and rushed tumultuously towards the cliff, halting on its very edge, their dark forms visible against the misty cloud, while we held our breath in momentary sympathy lest they should rush over. Again our bullets drove them from their position of refuge in the thickest palm-brakes, the wounded lagging in the coverts as the herd passed on. One, bleeding from his wounds, forced us in turn to cover of the trees, while another stood under a drooping date-palm, vainly endeavouring to charge while I approached to fire, and the little bush-boy climbed a tree to deliver his fatal assegai. Others

sheltered in impenetrable brakes, where Chapman, more experienced than I, detected the feet, and firing where he thought the body ought to be, retreated to cover after every discharge.

We hastened to cheer our followers with news of the glorious feast, and, while we rested under our shady tree, heard the buffaloes coming upwards from the forest. We sallied forth and met them, when they were reinforced by a herd of some hundreds more coming down to enjoy the spray-shower. As the dark front pressed onward we fired, and retreated to load again under cover of the trees, until we checked and turned them.

A couple of fine men, bearing the heavy lances used upon the river, had been sent by Moshotlani, the petty chief at the ferry, to learn the object of our visit. We were glad now that our encounter with the buffaloes had enabled us to receive them hospitably, and promised to come onward to the halting-place to-morrow, sending a messenger in due form to announce our arrival.

At night I observed two stars, Alpha Centauri and Alpha Lyra, and the mean of both gave  $17^{\circ} 55' 19''$  south, which, as the Falls were due east, I took to be their true latitude. The altitude of the spray-column, which, as the sun rose nearly behind it, loomed like a gigantic steam-cloud against the sky, was also taken with the sextant, and found to be approximately twelve hundred feet from the bottom of the chasm. In the rainy season, no doubt, it is much more, and, under favourable circumstances, it may be seen from heights more than fifty miles distant.

We walked up the western bank about a mile towards the ferry, catching every now and then glimpses of the river and the palm-clad islands, fastidiously choosing or rejecting one beautiful vista after another, as the scene of future photographic or artistic operations, admiring the groups of tall-stemmed palm-trees, with the crowns of graceful, recurved fan-leaves, searching for the almost inedible fruit of the wild date, or eking out the time by cutting down one with a small hunting-knife, and digging out the heart, or "cabbage," at the base of the young leaves. We abandoned the old halting-place, with all its accumulated insects, to our followers, and choosing a couple of fresh trees, fenced them round with palm-leaves, caring in this mild climate for no canopy but their shady, overhanging foliage. We celebrated the occasion by making a few "leather-jackets," or tough cakes of meal, roasting a few coffee berries which had been saved in case an invalid (as my friend unfortunately was that evening) should desire them. These, however, were unwonted delicacies. In consequence of our protracted journey, our favourite beverage had to be supplied by various substitutes—wild beans, roasted corn, or the smaller species of millet, the ground-nut, which contains so much essential oil that its kernel will burn for a minute as brightly as a sperm candle, but which, however, we were rarely able to purchase, and, lastly, shreds of pumpkin dried and roasted, which we at length persuaded ourselves to believe equal, if not superior, to the best Mocha.

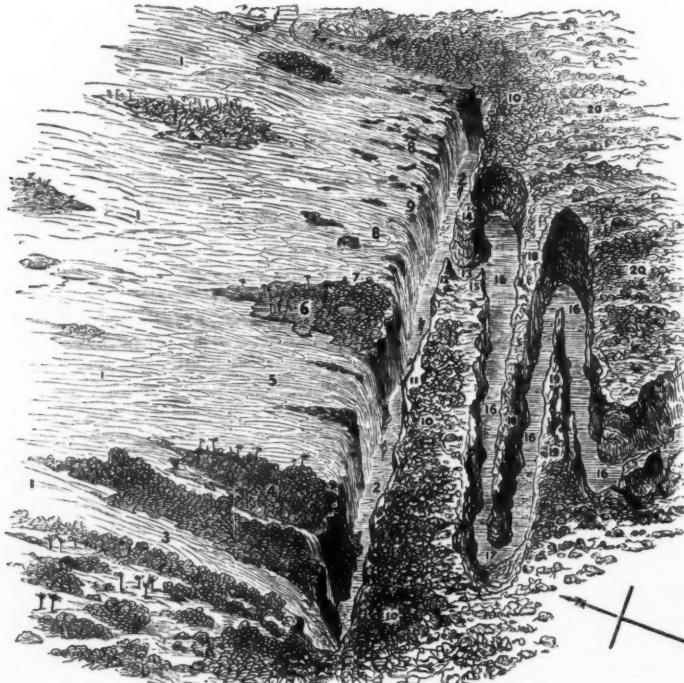
After a visit from Moshotlani, the petty chief of the ferry, and Madzekasi, one of Dr. Livingstone's head men who had known me at Tete, and joyfully recognised me now, Edward Barry and I walked down to the Falls, and standing over the rapid of the Leaping Water as it tossed in wild

## THE VICTORIA FALLS,

confusion beneath our feet, looked down far into the depths where the lower waters seemed hurrying east to escape the turmoil. We passed through the now solitary and deserted forest, finding only here and there the horns or refuse of a buffalo, and determined this time to go right to the eastern end, where, forming our ideas on Dr. Livingstone's picture and description, we expected to find the outlet. Beyond Garden Island we tested the breadth of the chasm by firing a rifle bullet point blank, or with the hundred yards' sight, and as it fell into the little pool lower than the point aimed at, I considered the distance to be somewhat more. In other parts, by measuring a base line and taking angles with a prismatic compass,

that the lower waters were flowing from the east end as well as the west to escape by this narrow gorge, which must in consequence be the outlet of the Zambezi. I did not yet like to give up the idea of a possible outlet at the eastern end, but I subsequently found that there was none.

And now we started early for the western end, and setting up his camera on the cliff overhanging the rapid of the Leaping Water, Chapman worked with a perseverance worthy a better success to get a picture; but though the chemicals, carefully prepared before we left Daka, had worked most satisfactorily all the way, they now from some cause began to fail. He obtained, however, a view which shows the



PLAN OR BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE VICTORIA FALLS.

- |   |                           |  |
|---|---------------------------|--|
| 1. The Upper Zambezi River, 1,900 yards wide.   | 6. Garden Island.         | 14. The East Headland, with the narrow neck connecting it with the Eastern Cliffs. |
| 2. The Chasm of the Falls. Length, 1,900 yards; breadth at Garden Island, 75 yards; ditto at widest parts, 100 to 130 yards; depth, 400 feet. | 7. Zanjueelah's Cove.     | 15. Buffalo Point.   |
| 3. The Leaping Water or Western Cataract.   | 8. Eastern Falls.         | 16. Narrow Gorge of the Lower River.   |
| 4. Three Bill Island, and the Chaam of the Three Rills.   | 9. Centre Rock Fall.      | 17. The Tarn.  |
| 5. The Great Western or Main Fall.  | 10. Wet Forest.           | 18. The Tarn Promontory.   |
|   | 11. The Buffaloes' Cliff. | 19. The Prolific Cliffs.   |
|   | 12. The West Headland.    | 20. Mimosas and dry Vegetation.  |
|   | 13. The Outlet.           |  |

we made the breadth about 140; while at the Buffaloes' Cliff, just opposite the island, I subsequently found it to be only 75 yards. We walked on through swampy grass some hundred yards beyond the termination of the forest, and suddenly were stopped by the deep chasm we had previously seen; not at the end, for we could still see waterfalls melting soft and grey into the distance for between a quarter and half a mile beyond, but as nearly as we could judge at a little more than one-fourth from it. At first we thought this must be one of the rivers flowing in, but mounting a rock that, like a watch-tower, seemed to overhang the precipice, Edward, who was perhaps less impressed than I with ideas founded on previous description, first noted

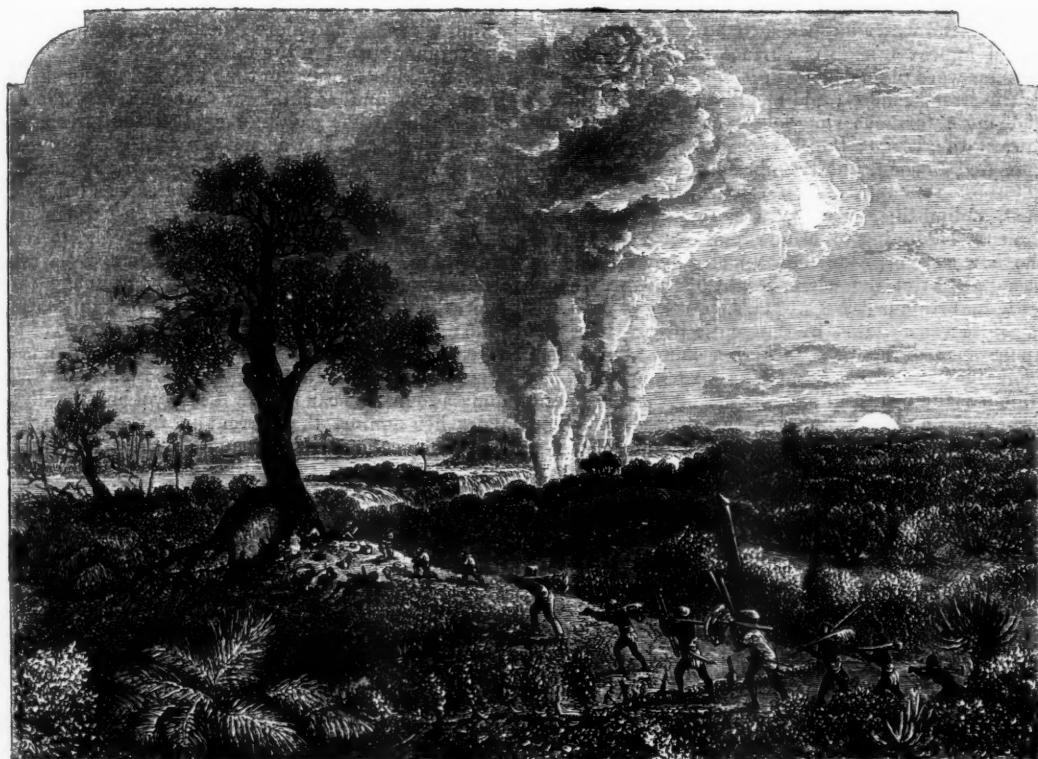
formation of the chasm at its western end, and remains as indisputable evidence by which to test all other pictures and descriptions of that portion of the scenery it represents. For my own part, though difficulties insuperable to photography annoyed me less, my sketch, patiently as I worked at it, was but a feeble transcript of the wondrous scene before me. And when the rainbow, which at midday had shown but as a segment of the arch far down beneath us in the chasm, rose as the sun declined, till with its brilliant tints it spanned the entire scene, I could not but feel the impossibility of representing pure heavenly light with crude and earthly colours, and acknowledge the nothingness of human art before the mighty work of the Creator. Day after day I

spent in sketching the Falls from every available point, one of the most striking scenes being that where the comparatively smaller Falls of the eastern side are seen through the dark portals of the outlet.

At every opportunity my friend and I endeavoured to gain as perfect an idea as possible of the general formation, by observing angles with sextants or compass on a base line, by firing bullets at known ranges, or by careful pacing; we traced the chasm of the lower river in doublings so abrupt, that at one point, overhanging a deep and quiet tarn, the observer may see at once straight up one reach and down the next, the cliff which separates the two being nearly a mile in length, more than 300 feet

outline. A coloured illustration,\* faithfully reduced from one of the series published by Messrs. Day and Son from my original paintings, represents the Falls as seen from the east end, with Garden Island in the distance, the remoter Western Falls being hidden from view by the spray-cloud. The headland of the outlet, with its forest crown, is seen opposite, and its course is indicated between the cliffs to the spectator's right.

It now only remained for us to complete our examination of the Falls by visiting the Garden Island, and for this purpose we crossed to the village of Moshotlani to obtain leave to engage the boatman of the rapids, Zanjueelah, in whose village



THE VICTORIA FALLS AT THE WESTERN END.

high, and only 115 yards across at its widest part. The next promontory is, if anything, more singular and picturesque, for there the cliffs, tall as in the other, are so thin that they lose almost the semblance of reality, and seem like profile scenes cut out for some gigantic theatre. From the eastern end of the chasm the view is equally picturesque, though it may be not so grand—the rocks being somewhat higher, the water consequently more shallow, and the cataracts, though many, are of no considerable magnitude, being often mere rills and spray-falls. Another difference is that the wind blowing almost continually from the south-east, the spray is driven westward, and a drier vegetation covers the rocks at the east end, though only a little to leeward the shower again becomes so dense that my sketch-book went to pieces, and I had to hold my paper face downward above my head while I made a hurried

a little lower down we found quite a collection of hippopotamus skulls and other trophies of the chase. Taking his formidable spear he led us to his canoe, hollowed like the rest from a single log, but unlike many of the clumsy abortions on the river: long, sharp, and narrow as a racing skiff, and straight as if a pine-tree had furnished the material—in fact, I believe it is the only one in which he makes the somewhat hazardous voyage to the Falls. We glided swiftly down the stream, avoiding the channels, which might have taken us to the larger Falls, and in consequence had to pass through all the intricacies of shallows, rapids, and small cascades, our skiff, notwithstanding her slight draught, repeatedly grinding on the rocks as the strong current launched us over them. "Keep her end on to the stream,"

\* Published in the "Sunday at Home" for 1866.

was my half-uttered thought, but there was no need to express it in words, for I could see our boatman knew the importance of doing so as well as I. As we passed the deeper pools the hippopotami raised their heads like those of uncouth horses, the bright red orbits of the eyes, the little ears, and the protruding nostril, from which the condensed breath was ejected almost like the spouting of a whale, showing like vermillion in the sunlight; others, as we passed along the islands and disturbed them in some quiet ruminations, rushed,

"Trampling their way through wood and brake,  
And canes which crackling fell before their way,"

toward the water, and plunging headlong down the bank raised a surge that spread far into the quiet reaches, as if a small vessel had been launched, while if the water happened to be not deep, a wake would appear upon the surface as if a submarine steamer were plying beneath it.

The stream, more rapid and divided into shallower and more tortuous channels, was hurrying us on toward the verge; the black forest-crowned cliffs appeared beyond, but the chasm of course we could not see. Its depth was only indicated by the rising mist, and on this, as we came closer and closer still, the sun, beginning to decline, just east a segment of the bow so short as to show no visible curve, and so broad as to tint the whole height of the spray-cloud with its brilliant colours. This, broken as the curling mist was agitated by the gentle breeze, took the appearance of lambent flickering flames, of which some idea may be formed by any one who has watched the beautiful experiment of the chromatic fire-cloud, and will imagine the delicacy its vivid colours would assume if shown by the light of day.

We were now within ninety or a hundred yards of the Falls, and heading straight for them, when Zanjueelah, taking advantage of an eddy caused by a patch of rock upon our left, swerved suddenly to the right, and ran his canoe upon the shelving rock of a small cove on the eastern side of Garden Island, where, hauling her up a little without fastenings of any kind, we threaded the tangled little forest to the Doctor's Garden. We found the recent track of a hippopotamus within the enclosure, but could not discover any plants among the rank vegetation fostered by the moisture. We found the name of Dr. Livingstone, with the date of his first visit, 1855, inscribed upon a tree, and that of his brother Charles below it with 1861, and the broad arrow of the Government, but did not see that of Dr. Kirk, and did not cut our own, but passed onward to the cliff, which projects like a pier of solid masonry so far beyond the general line of the Falls as to narrow the chasm here to not more than seventy-five yards.

The view to the eastward was the only good one, and it was, indeed, magnificent; the Falls nearest us were narrowed and broken by projections of the rock, but others were of considerable magnitude, and in the rainy season, when the floods submerge all minor rocks, and even, as the natives told us, cover the garden on the island, the sheet of water pouring over the verge must be grand in the extreme, and much of that breaking into festoons, peculiar to comparatively small bodies of water falling to great depths, must disappear, though I doubt whether, even with the rise of sixteen feet spoken of by Dr. Kirk, Victoria can ever pour to the bottom of the ravine that green, translucent, and unbroken sweep

which, with a greater depth of water, and not half the height of fall, is the characteristic of Niagara.

Looking as we did along this grand perspective of snow-white cataracts, the spray, less dense than to the westward, allowed us occasional glimpses even of the eastern end, about half way to which the southern cliff was broken by the dark portals of the outlet, while directly opposite us on our right was the precipice to which, on the first day of our visit, the buffaloes were driven. The diminution of our shadows on the troubled water below enabled us almost for the first time to realise the idea of the immense depth; but the crowning glory of the scene was certainly the brilliant rainbow forming, except for the small segment cut out by the shadow of the rock we stood upon, a complete and perfect circle, and surrounded by another with reversed colours, fainter and more indefinite as it approached the thinner spaces in the mist.

Short, indeed, was the time allowed me for sketching; again and again I was warned that the day was waning, that paddling against the stream was heavy work, and it was not a road that men could travel in the dark. I closed my work reluctantly, and followed to the canoe; the water was baled out, and now commenced the struggle against the rushing stream, in which, perhaps, one who can, to some extent, appreciate the various dangers, feels more when compelled to sit as a helpless passenger than one who is totally inexperienced; but he too can understand and glory in the skill and courage of the veteran who commands the boat. See him now, erect and fearless in the narrow bow, as the water dances round the canoe, how firmly yet how rapidly he poles her against the current in the shallows, how quickly he catches up his paddle in the deeper water, how carefully he guides her across the smoother parts, his unerring eye watching, before he enters the curl of the various eddies, and with what judgment he shoots, end on, into the exact place where it is just possible to ascend the successive rapids, jumping out at the proper moment to force her up the steep incline, and in again as soon as she is in the level waters. The passage of course up-stream was long and tedious, but danger and difficulty diminished as we advanced, and by sunset we reached our bivouac in safety.

It would be beyond the province of an artist to enter on a discussion of the geology of these Falls, but the impression on our minds was that nothing but volcanic agency could have produced so clear and well-defined a fissure, the opposite sides of which seem in many places to correspond as if they had but recently been torn asunder, and again might be united. I may remark that slight shocks of earthquake are by no means uncommon in Damara and Namaqua land, and that some of the hills there, especially the Brook Kaross mountain near Beer Sheba, are supposed to have been once volcanoes. Dr. Kirk also thinks the chasm of the Falls and lower river could have been formed by no other agency; he considered the rocks basaltic, and tried as we did to effect a descent, but, except for a short way downward at the eastern end, found it impossible to do so.

As it is hopeless by mere description to convey anything like a clear idea of the extraordinary windings of this gigantic chasm, I have thought it best to repeat from the work published by Messrs. Day and Son a plan or bird's-eye view, constructed from the most careful measurements my companion

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and I were able to obtain, premising that the "smoke," or spray-cloud, has necessarily been omitted for the sake of distinctness of detail. I will only mention that Dr. Livingstone's measurement of the depth of the fall was "more than 310 feet"—his line resting on a heap of rocks which did not allow it to reach the bottom. We had no line, but tried it by angular measurements with a sextant; we thought it 350, but for want of definite points at top and bottom could not attach much certainty to our result. Sir R. Glynn, however, found that even a line of 400 feet was insufficient. I suppose, in round numbers, the latter will be found quite near enough, until increased facilities of travelling shall tempt to the spot some one with time and facilities for surveying it more accurately. What other measurements we were able to make are given as references to the plan or bird's-eye view.

Comparing the Victoria and the Niagara Falls, Mr. Layard, who had seen Niagara, when he inspected my pictures in Capetown, declared that the Victoria must be the grander of the two, and many other persons have expressed a similar opinion. A beautiful set of stereoscopes of Niagara were shown me at the Cape, and imperfectly as even these enabled me to judge, the massive sheet of water pouring unbroken over the cliffs, the possibility of passing between the rock and the liquid translucent screen, of obtaining a view of the full front of the great cataracts for miles along the lower river, and, more than all, the strange fantastic forms of frozen spray or icicles in winter, must impart to the American Falls a character so different as to preclude comparison between them. The African Falls are, however, more than double the height, and I believe of greater extent, and in the flooded season the volume of water pouring over them must almost, if not quite, rival that of Niagara. Besides which, the wondrous altitude of the spray-cloud, the numberless views that may be taken, the surpassing brilliancy of the rainbow, the gorgeous tropical vegetation, and the wild forms of animal life with which it is surrounded, combine all possible elements of beauty, of romantic adventure, and magnificence.

### Sonnets of the Sacred Year.

BY THE REV. S. J. STONE, M.A.

#### TWELFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

"He took him aside from the multitude . . . They were beyond measure astonished, saying, He hath done all things well."—St. Mark vii. 33, 37.

**D**RRAW me, my Saviour, from the carnal throng—  
What time Thou hear'st some interceding cry  
Or mine own silent prayer, and drawest nigh  
To give me that I lack, these crowds among,  
The ear that hears indeed, th' anointed tongue  
That will henceforth its own deliverance tell,  
Proclaiming Thy sweet mercy's miracle  
In brave confession or adoring song—  
Even so withdraw me from the worldly din,  
Be it by sickness, solitude, or loss,  
May I but have, my very soul within,  
Sound of Thy voice and chrism from Thy cross,  
And sing at last with all Thine Israel,  
"The Lord my Saviour hath done all things well."

### THE MANDARIN'S DAUGHTER.

#### CHAPTER XIV.—A CHINESE WEDDING.

SEVERAL days after this interview with the mandarin and his daughter, I proceeded to meet them according to appointment. When we reached the house we found them ready to start in their sedan-chairs. The chair-bearers were dressed in the livery of their master, and as it would be dark on their return, each carried a lantern with the mandarin's name and titles inscribed on its paper covering. When they arrived at their destination the gentlemen were ushered into the apartment set aside for the male visitors, and A-Lee went into the one for the ladies. After being introduced to the chief persons of the company, I inquired in whose house we were.

Meng-kee replied, "This is the residence of the bridegroom's father and family, and where we await the coming home of his bride, who will afterwards live with him in the house."

"Why, that is the reverse of our marriage custom, for the bridegroom proceeds to his father-in-law's house and takes away his bride to an independent home of his own."

"There are instances of that kind among us, where the bridegroom is a Government official, but these are rare. In other cases, such as the one before us, the young wives are always brought to their father-in-law's house, for it is considered a breach of filial duty for the son to set up a household of his own while the father lives. In this house there are four married sons, and this marriage will make a fifth, so that there are a good number of wives in the establishment, including the father's secondary wives. But the first wife is mistress over all. These young wives are not only subordinate to her, but they are taught that their most binding duty is to obey and serve her."

"Well," I thought, "these are privileges for old ladies with a vengeance! Wouldn't our British mothers-in-law glory in having such power by Act of Parliament?"

Meng-kee now pointed to a doorway with a screen before it, and asked me to follow him into the hall. On entering we perceived a narrow table on the right hand of the door, covered with sweetmeats and fruit, having two small wax candles burning at each end. On the side of the hall opposite to this was the picture of a deified hero, with the ancestral tablet below, resting on the family altar, before which incense sticks were burning and filling the hall with a pleasant perfume. On each side of the altar stood a wax candle about three feet high and three inches in diameter. On a table standing before the family altar were placed at one end more than twenty female garments and a pair of small embroidered shoes. At the other end were packets of red paper, containing pieces of gold and silver coins, and in the middle was a tray, with a cinchette for the waist, made of solid gold, a splendid large buckle for it, a handsome pin for the bosom, and several rings, all of gold. These were presents to the bride from various friends and relatives, the mandarin and his daughter being among the donors. The table was covered with a red velvet cloth embroidered with gold thread, and at each end of it stood a chair with a similar cloth upon it.

Further inspection was interrupted by a bustle outside the hall and the entrance of all the relatives and friends come to witness the ceremony. Soon afterwards the word "coming" was spoken by some one, whereupon a young friend of the bridegroom, chosen as "the receiver of guests," put on a long, light-coloured silk garment over his usual dress. The exclamation "Coming!" was twice repeated, upon which he put on other two garments, one of figured light-green silk, and the other a dark purple robe of figured satin, having in his hand a pyramidal cap, with red silk at the apex. The father now asked if all was ready; he was answered in the affirmative. Then his son entered the hall, and "the receiver of guests" conducted him to his seat at the head of the table.

The sound of music was now heard outside, together with the banging of gongs, and the noise culminated in a shower of fire-crackers that fairly deafened our ears.

When these noises ceased, the procession entered the court-yard. It consisted of persons holding scarlet canopies over the heads of relatives of the bride, and others carrying chests, carved and painted in red, edged with gold, containing the bride's wardrobe. In the midst of the procession came her chair, a very gorgeous sedan, hired for such occasions, elaborately carved and gilded, with the red satin curtains drawn so that no one could see her. When the four chair-bearers arrived at the outer gate, they set down the chair, and opened it to let her out. She was dressed in a scarlet robe of satin, richly embroidered, and wore a thick scarlet veil of silk crape, so that literally she could not see, or her features be seen. Her head-dress was an elaborate toilet of blue and gold flowers. Two old women stood at the door of the chair and took her out, while she remained perfectly passive in their hands. They then carried her into the hall, where they set her down before the altar and tablet of her future husband's ancestors.

Meanwhile the bridegroom had left the hall, but in a few minutes returned with his young male friends and the Buddhist priest appointed to perform the rites of marriage. These friends almost carried him in bodily, and set him down beside his bride before the ancestral tablet, each clasping their hands, and reverentially bowing their heads. Then the priest began to intone the service, in the midst of which, at a given signal, the two old women joined hands and knelt before the tablet. Then they tied a piece of red silk ribbon to the girdle of the bridegroom, and a piece of green silk ribbon to that of the bride. The priest muttered again, and they all joined in; after which the two women tied the ribbons together, and thus they were united for life in the bonds of matrimony.

This done, they all rose from their prostrate position, and the united couple were seated together before the table where the collation was spread. Here the two old women poured out two cupfuls of wine, which they held to the lips of both; they then changed the cups, poured the wine out of one cup into the other, thus mixing the wine together, and again presenting them to their lips. In like manner two dishes of rice were intermingled, and partaken of by the bride and bridegroom. Having thus seen them go through the ceremony of eating together, the old women retired, but immediately returned with a pail and a broom, which they placed at the side of the wife, to indicate her household duties;

while the priest pronounced a benediction on the married couple.

These forms concluded the ceremony. The bride was then carried out into her own apartment by the two old women, and the bridegroom was conveyed bodily, head foremost, into his apartment by his young men. He underwent some chaffing for a little, and then went alone to his bride, where he drew off the veil, and for the first time beheld her face.

"What think you of the ceremony?" asked Meng-kee.

"Well, I have been very much interested in witnessing it. Though I am not expected to understand the nature of the forms gone through, yet it is sufficiently obvious that they are full of meaning—the last one especially, where the two ribbons are tied as an emblem of their being united. I must say also that, with the exception of the bridegroom being carried out so unceremoniously by his friends, the whole ceremony has been conducted with decorum, and some degree of solemnity."

"Yes, you are right; it is a rude, but an old custom, and therefore it is tolerated. But that is mild to what I have seen at some marriages, where the bridegroom is brought into the hall on the shoulders of his friends, who set up a great shouting and laughter, and tumble him down beside his bride, struggling like a prisoner to get free. But here our young host comes to entertain us for the evening."

By this time darkness had set in, and the hall was beautifully lighted up with lanterns of the most variegated forms and colours, giving quite a brilliant aspect to the scene. Then the relatives and guests seated themselves at the tables, while servants flitted in and out with savoury dishes, of which they partook heartily, each one chatting to his neighbour and discussing the ceremony of the day.

I was introduced by Meng-kee to the bridegroom, who was a young man of about four-and-twenty, having a remarkably intelligent countenance. He thanked me for the honour of my presence in very polite terms. Then he rose, carrying in his hand a beautiful porcelain jar filled with sweet rose-coloured wine, and walking round the tables, poured some into each guest's cup. The master of the ceremonies, or "receiver of guests," now intimated that the bridegroom wished to express his obligations to his friends who had honoured him with their presence on the occasion.

The bridegroom then invited me into the ladies' apartment, where a large assemblage of the bride and bridegroom's female friends were partaking of supper, among whom was A-Iee, who looked the belle of the party. The newly-made wife sat at the top of the table, and rose on their entrance, rubbing her breast up and down with her right hand to express her delight on the occasion. One of her attendants then called out—"Worthy matrons and young ladies, the bride desires to offer her respectful thanks to you all for your kindness and attention."

We then returned to the gentlemen's supper-room, followed by the bride and her attendants, where one of them acknowledged the honour they had conferred upon her by their presence at the wedding. After this she retired to the bridal chamber. Here, I thought, she would now be screened from the gaze of her visitors. Not so. On the contrary, it was only now, apparently, that they were to have a good look at her to make up for her past and future seclusion. To any special visitor who entered, the bride

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was brought out for inspection, and at the interview he or she was allowed to offer any remarks they chose about her lips, nose, eyes, brows, feet, or any part of her dress. The composure of the young bride through it all was amazing—not a smile on her lips, not a blush on her face; the muscles seemed immovable. This demeanour, I was told, added to the reputation of the bride for her gravity, calmness, and temper in not being fluttered by the remarks, good or bad, from favourable or unfavourable criticism.

### CURIOSITIES OF THE CENSUS.

BY CHARLES MACKESON, F.S.S.

#### VI.—OCCUPATIONS OF WOMEN, AND MATRIMONIAL STATISTICS.

"*MEN must work and women must weep*" is the burden of a well-known song, but experience proves that there is a good deal of fiction about this as there is about many a poet's tale. If we look at the census tables we shall be able to show that if women weep they work too, and with no slight result; in fact, whether in their own houses or in specific branches of trade, they form by no means the least industrious part of the population. In estimating the number of workers among the women of England, we must, however, at once decide whether we will include wives and mothers under this category, and it would, we think, be obviously unfair not to do so, as the highest aim of a woman should be to fulfil her duties in the household. And this is clearly the view of the census authorities, for in their tables they give a high place to the wives and mothers among the workers, no less than four millions out of the six and a half millions of women above twenty years of age being thus defined. When we add to these figures another large item of three and a half millions of women above fifteen years of age, who are returned as serving in shops, warehouses, or in other places than their own homes, we have a total of seven and a half out of the eleven and a half millions of the sex who may be said to be, at any rate, far removed from idleness, while a very large number of the remainder are, by their age, and by the very wise prohibition of Parliamentary enactments, precluded from entering on the business of life, or are still at school. This result is in itself satisfactory, but when we remember that the number of actual workers (exclusive of the domestic class) has risen from about two and a half millions in 1851 to nearly three and a half millions in 1871, we have a still more conclusive proof that the absolutely idle woman, like the idle man, is daily becoming more scarce in the land.

Looking at the employments of the female population in general, we find that out of the total number of eleven and a half millions, no less than five and a half millions belong to the domestic class already referred to, four millions to the indefinite and non-productive class, a million and a half to the industrial class, fifty-seven thousand to the commercial class, nearly two hundred thousand to the professional class, and a slightly smaller number to the agricultural. In the professions women are to be found in considerable numbers; in fact, they form one-third of the population under this head, or, in other words, for every two professional men there is one professional woman. The largest number of them

belong to educational employments. In the Civil Service the introduction of female labour is becoming more and more common. The main objection has, of course, always rested on the very natural feeling against the mingling of the sexes in the common work of a public establishment; and it is noticeable that, as a rule, where ladies are engaged they are for the most part employed in offices by themselves. When, however, we see in a large number of our great shops and warehouses, men and women—and the latter are often persons of considerable culture and refinement who have chosen a trade, despite its long hours and physical exertion, in preference to the life of a governess—working together without even a thought of impropriety, there can be little real argument against the extension of the system to Government offices, at any rate of the lower grades. Even now there are three thousand women "under the Crown," many of whom serve, like the male clerk, to a good old age, there being more than two hundred between sixty-five and seventy-five, and nearly a hundred over seventy-five.

There are about three thousand women engaged in our workhouses and prisons as matrons, nurses, and attendants. It is pleasant to note the next subdivision of the same class, where we find upwards of a thousand missionaries, engaged in a form of "woman's work for women," as it has been happily termed, which is capable of still further development with benefit to the community at large. Of church and chapel officers we have fifteen hundred, who may be presumed to include the neatly-dressed pew-openers—now fast disappearing before the cassocked verger of modern development—and the cleaners of our churches and chapels. The other prominent figures in the professional class are two thousand midwives, seventy-seven thousand students, a thousand painters, seven thousand music-mistresses, sixteen hundred actresses, thirty-eight thousand schoolmistresses, and fifty-five thousand teachers and governesses. The largest proportion in both the latter classes is between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-five, after which there is a fall of nearly one-half, suggestive, it may be hoped, of an entry on "the holy estate of matrimony," which, among all young ladies, and especially those engaged in the arduous though honourable task of teaching, is, as we know, a consummation devoutly wished for.

In the second great division, the domestic, we have a clear arrangement of the wives engaged in purely home duties, apart from those who definitely assist their husbands in their respective callings. Under the first head we have nearly four millions, two hundred and fifty thousand of whom are returned between the ages of fifteen and twenty. Under the second head there are six occupations in which the wives seem to render direct help—the innkeepers, lodging-house-keepers, and general shopkeepers, farmers and graziers, shoemakers, and butchers, forming in all about four hundred thousand. Next to the wives we have a list of "persons," presumably for the most part unmarried, who are engaged in entertaining and performing personal offices for man. After fifty thousand thus employed in inns, lodgings, houses, and public rooms, we come to the great mass of women in domestic service, to whom a general allusion has been made in a previous paper. Here, however, we are enabled to give authentic particulars, several of which we are sure will possess some interest for lady readers.

The great body of servants belong to that all-embracing class "general," and form considerably more than half of the total number, nearly eight hundred thousand. There are a hundred and forty thousand housekeepers, ninety-three thousand cooks, upwards of a hundred thousand housemaids, seventy-five thousand nurses, and four thousand laundrymaids. Nurses, not domestic servants, number twenty-eight thousand four hundred and seventeen, including the hospital nurse, and perhaps, in some cases, that dreaded individual, the "monthly nurse," for whom the only correlative supplied by nature is the equally proverbial mother-in-law. Many more of these estimable Mrs. Gamps are doubtless returned under the head of midwives. There are, too, nearly seventy-eight thousand charwomen, a significant proof of the enormous number of families where either no servant is kept, or where the domestic service is insufficient for the household wants.

The commercial class opens with a proof of the existence among ladies of the money-making capacities which are usually associated with the mart and the exchange, but which are here shown to have their representation in the boudoir and the drawing-room, for we have more than three thousand lady capitalists and shareholders, seventeen hundred saleswomen, and fourteen hundred commercial clerks. The shop-women of undefined trades number seventeen thousand, and there are the same number of hawkers and pedlars.

Passing on to the agricultural class, we find nearly a hundred thousand farmers' daughters, granddaughters, sisters, and nieces, the wives having already been accounted for in the domestic class. In addition to these—and they are, it must be remembered, practically farm-servants—there are thirty-three thousand females employed in the fields, more than a hundred of whom are under ten years of age, two thousand between ten and fifteen, and four thousand between fifteen and twenty. This reveals an employment of juvenile labour, and still worse of female labour, in the most arduous work, which is one of the least satisfactory results opened out in these pages, and certainly goes far to strengthen Mr. Arch and his fellow-advocates of increased wages, as, if the men were better paid, it may be fairly hoped that there would be less need for girls to undertake such work. There are more than two thousand women who are gardeners by profession.

In the great industrial class, as might be expected, women and girls find numberless means of gaining a livelihood. In bookbinding more than three thousand girls under twenty are engaged; artificial flower-making employs five thousand hands, while even in the making of firearms female labour is utilised, especially in the manufacture of percussion caps and cartridges. The match girls who marched in procession along the Thames embankment to touch the heart of Mr. Lowe when he threatened to tax their humble industry, only number about six hundred, more than half of whom are under twenty years of age. But it is in the great manufactures of textile and woollen fabrics that women find, as they always have found, their chief employment. In the various forms of woollen and worsted manufactures upwards of a hundred thousand hands are engaged, no less than twenty thousand being under fifteen years of age. In silk, satin, and ribbon work the numbers stand between fifty and sixty thousand, the proportion of female operatives under fifteen being here also

very large, and amounting to sixteen thousand, or one-third of the whole. When we come to cotton and flax, Lancashire shows us more than three hundred thousand of its daughters in the various branches of its noble industry, but with a number of child-workers which is greatly to be regretted, more than three hundred thousand being returned under ten years of age, and fifty thousand between ten and fifteen. Whether the work tells on the health of the women, or whether they become wives and mothers, the tables show not, but there is an enormous decrease when we reach thirty-five, amounting to more than one-half of the number employed in the preceding decennial period.

In millinery and dress-making, the energies of three hundred thousand women are employed, five thousand of whom are under fifteen, and sixty thousand between fifteen and twenty—a fact which should not be without significance to those who, by mere thoughtlessness, aid in the blighting of many thousands of these young lives, and perhaps in sowing the seeds of premature decay, by giving orders at the last moment which involve many hours of nightwork to execute. And then, again, we have the subjects of Tom Hood's "Song of the Shirt," the victims of the keeper of the ready-made clothes shop, upwards of eighty thousand shirtmakers and seamstresses, some being here included who are literally, as the tables show, compelled to work on until the needle falls from their hands. The female hatters, it is noticeable, have very largely increased on the numbers of the previous report, being nearly three times as numerous as in 1861, a fact probably explained by the greater popularity of the hat as an article of lady's headgear, and also by the transformation of bonnets into hats which has been gradually going forward until it requires a good eye to detect the difference.

Turning to the various employments connected with the food supply of the people, the number of women is more limited, except in some few instances, such as the grocers and teadealers, where we find upwards of twenty-two thousand; while of bakers, greengrocers, confectioners, and tobacconists, the number of women and girls varies from four to six thousand in each trade.

In the list of persons "working and dealing in minerals," the chief source of female employment is in the manufacture of earthenware, in which sixteen thousand are engaged, nearly half of whom are under twenty years of age. Their light and quick fingers find ample exercise in many branches of this useful industry, and there is perhaps no pleasanter sight in the world of work than one of the long rooms at Worcester, at Torquay, or in the Potteries, where young women, and even young girls, are thus busily engaged in a duty which is often very far from being merely mechanical, as it opens out opportunities for the development of the higher inventive faculties. Far more satisfactory is it, for instance, to see women thus employed, than to think of the heavy and uncivilized toil represented by the return of three thousand coal labourers, of whom more than a third are mere girls, and of nearly the same number of brick-makers, who we are sorry to find are also for the most part very young.

In the numerous metal manufactures again, and especially in the great establishments where plated goods are turned out with an amount of artistic finish which attracts the eye even of the lover of the more ancient work, women are largely engaged; and it

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may interest carpenters, old and young, to learn that their nails are frequently made by women, the number of females thus employed being almost equal to that of the men and boys. When we arrive at the last class—the indefinite and non-productive—we find upwards of twenty thousand hands set down as machine workers, and about the same number of factory and shop women whose branch of labour is not specified; and thus we see by actual analysis that the statement with which we opened this paper is literally correct, and that the women of England have not “idle hands,” but are, in the best sense of the words, “busy-bodies.”

But before we leave this part of our subject there are some other facts respecting the women of England which can scarcely fail to interest them—and, indeed, the general reader too—we refer to what we may term the matrimonial statistics, which, making due allowance for the difficulties of obtaining trustworthy information, are sufficiently full to form the basis of several important deductions. In the first place, the tables tell in an unmistakable way of the marrying tendencies of the nation, for out of the total population of twenty-two and a-half millions, nine millions had entered the married state; and of the remainder, eight millions were under fifteen years of age, thus leaving only five and a-half millions of spinsters and bachelors who were “open to offers,” to use a colloquial term; or, if we consider the fit age for marriage, to be twenty and upwards, the number of unmarried people who might, if all things had been equal, have entered into wedlock is reduced to three and a-half millions. This is by no means an unreasonable proportion of such an enormous mass, without ascribing to the people any unwholesome taste for celibacy. Of those actually married we have more than three and a-half millions of husbands, and about the same number of wives, the majority of whom were residing together at the time of the Census. In 211,352 cases the wives were returned as absent, or, in other words, were not in the same houses as their husbands; and, turning the tables, 276,516 husbands were not returned as in the same houses as their wives.

This result was of course largely due to the accidental causes which are always in operation—such as sickness, death, and other family events which in every-day life involve the absence of the father or mother, as well as to the involuntary absence of men owing to their business in travelling, and of women—especially of the poorer classes—employed as midwives, nurses, and in other ways.

The women of Great Britain, as a rule, marry at a far earlier age than common experience would lead one to imagine, there being no less than thirty-four thousand wives under twenty, and some—the authorities, for some reason best known to themselves, do not say how many—who are under fifteen are included in this column. The husbands take a different view, for we find only six thousand married men under twenty, or about one-sixth of the number of wives in the same period of age. But perhaps the most remarkable feature in these matrimonial statistics is the extraordinary disparity of ages between husband and wives. Thus, out of a million husbands, whose ages at the Census-taking varied from thirty to forty, six hundred and seventy thousand of their wives belonged to the same age-period, but two hundred and seventy thousand were ten years younger, and fifteen hundred were under twenty. The reverse of the picture is,

however, also to be shown, for in eighty thousand of these million couples the wives were ten years older than the husbands, four thousand were twenty years older, three hundred were thirty years older, forty-two were forty years older, and—will it be believed?—four of these husbands, ranging in age from thirty to forty, were living with wives aged from eighty to ninety, or, as people commonly say, with women old enough to be their mothers. In connection with this part of the subject, we are able, with the aid of the Registrar-General’s returns of births, deaths, and marriages, to estimate the number of children born on an average to wives of certain ages, and taking the age from twenty to forty as being the normal child-bearing period, we find that, to every hundred wives, about thirty-six children were born annually from 1861 to 1870; in other words, each wife between twenty and forty has on an average one child every three years.

Looking back again from the children to the parents, a few more facts may be culled from the reports as to the marrying ages of the people. The men under twenty—shall we call them boys?—show, as we have said, such a marked disinclination to marriage, or rather a prudent delay till in fit position to marry, that the number of those married at this age is so small as to be scarcely worthy of consideration. The moral dissuasives of Malthus and his followers are not so much needed as formerly. At the same time, in large towns especially, there is much to deplore on this subject, though not included in “Marriage Statistics.” Of every hundred men between twenty and twenty-five, seventy-seven are bachelors, thirty-nine per cent. are unmarried between twenty-five and thirty, twenty-three continue single during the next decade, twelve per cent. refuse to marry between forty and forty-five, but from this age the percentage of bachelors gradually declines. According to other calculations, founded on the returns from the marriage registers of the period of the Census 1861–71, it appears that eight in every ten of the brides and bridegrooms at their first marriage are between twenty and thirty years of age, the mean age being twenty-five. It is further ascertained that the probable duration of the married life of such persons is twenty-seven years, an argument this without any indulgence of sentiment in favour of early marriages, as it enables parents to look forward with some hope of certainty to seeing their children settled and, perhaps, in their turn also, married.

The marriage of widows and widowers is clearly shown to be a very common practice, as it is calculated that out of the married couples at the Census-taking, upwards of a hundred and twenty thousand were widowers married to widows, nearly three hundred thousand widowers married to spinsters, and a hundred and fifty thousand widows married to bachelors. The “pretty young widow,” who so often excites the envy of the marriageable young ladies in our little rural and suburban coteries, is therefore proved to be a really formidable rival to the veritable spinster. Of every hundred men above twenty years of age, twenty-seven are bachelors, sixty-six are husbands, and seven are widowers; while of every hundred women of a corresponding period of age, twenty-six are spinsters, sixty-one are wives, and thirteen are widows. Of the widows three hundred were under twenty, and five thousand between twenty and twenty-five, while at these two periods there were eighty-seven widowers in the first,

and two thousand five hundred in the second. "Old men's darlings," as young wives allied to antique gentlemen are often termed, appear to be tolerably numerous, for we find, out of every hundred husbands, eight men of sixty, four of sixty-five, and three of seventy with wives under twenty, while an equal disparity of age is frequently noticeable in the higher periods of life. The general result of these notes is, we think, fairly satisfactory, as indicating the prosperity of the nation; and early marriages in the general average, however censurable in special cases, are an unquestionable proof in this direction.

## NOSES.

A MEDICAL correspondent sends an amusing letter of comments on the recent article on Noses in the "Leisure Hour" (January, p. 26). He confirms the statement of the writer that a perfectly symmetrical face, with the nose in the exact mesial line, is a rare, if not impossible case—in fact, a monstrosity. He agrees also in thinking that the deviation from perfect symmetry is a beauty, not a defect, and constitutes one superiority of the living countenance over the imitation by painting or sculpture, in which the slight natural departure from mathematical accuracy is not imitated. He then gives the anatomical explanation of the fact as follows:—

"The nose as a feature depends entirely in its configuration on the arrangement of the bones and cartilages of which it is constructed. The structures here mentioned may superficially be distinctly felt at their point of junction, and if you carefully observe, when no injury has occurred, any deviation from the mesial line only takes place in the cartilaginous portion of the organ.

"Beyond what may be thus superficially felt, there occurs a bone called the *vomer* (from its likeness to a ploughshare), which plays a very conspicuous part in determining the formation and contour of the nose. In truth, it is the disposition of this bone which determines the question at issue. It has an attachment to the bones of the nose and face very similar to that of the rudder to a ship, and is so situated over a *sulcus* or slit in the ethmoid bone of the internal nose, as of necessity to seek attachment to one or other side of this slit. This bone, therefore, is, or ought to be, slightly on one side of the mesial line of the face, and forming, as it does, part of the *septum* which divides the nostrils, and at the same time forming the middle or central support and point of attachment to the nasal cartilage, it must of necessity carry the soft part of the nose to that side to which it inclines.

"It will thus appear that, in an anatomical point of view, the nose is abnormal which evenly occupies the middle line of the countenance, and that the organ which is more or less biased from the centre is correct.

"In children this characteristic is absent, or only very slightly apparent, as the *vomer* itself is but rudimentary and cartilaginous in its structure till the age of puberty is past. Nevertheless, an injury in youth, if unattended to, might and does lead to exaggeration in after years.

"I have not observed to which side, as a rule, in the majority of cases the nose inclines. All I can vouch for is my own special case, where the bias is decidedly to the right."

W. S.

## Varieties.

IRISH TOURS.—The Belfast meeting of the British Association will take over many travellers of higher intelligence than the ordinary run of tourists and sportsmen who visit "the sister isle." Let us hope that few members from the English side of the Channel will return without seeing more than the Lakes of Killarney and the Giants' Causeway, which a cockney tourist said were "the only things to do in Ireland." Get the guide papers published by the Midland and Great Western Railway, Broadstone Station, Dublin, and see the "circular tours" there recommended; above all, to Galway and the Connemara Mountains. In the "Leisure Hour" volume of 1873, a geological map of Ireland is given, with various hints useful to tourists.

ANTHROPOLOGY.—The International Anthropological Institute meet at Stockholm this year, and the proceedings are expected to be of some importance. Our English anthropologists seem to include a large proportion of raw students, judging by occasional reports of their meetings, but the international meeting will probably be marked by higher scientific tone.

LIVINGSTONE MISSIONARY MEMORIAL.—Among the proposed memorials of the great African traveller, one of the most gratifying and appropriate is the erection and endowment of a missionary training institution, in connection with the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society. This society has done good work at home, and has sent to China, to Syria, and other parts of the world, able and successful agents, well qualified for the spiritual as well as professional objects of their mission. A meeting to promote this memorial was presided over by the veteran physician and diplomatist, the Right Hon. Sir John McNeill, F.R.S.E. and G.C.B.

POPULATION OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.—The Registrar-General estimates the population of the United Kingdom in the middle of this year, 1874, at 32,412,010, being 600,000 more than double the population enumerated at the first census in 1801. The population of Ireland in 1874—viz., 5,300,485—is only 84,000 more than in 1801. The population of Scotland in 1874—viz., 3,462,916—is 212,000 more than double the population in 1801. The population of England and Wales in 1874—viz., 23,648,609—is above 5½ millions more than double the population in 1801.

POPEY LITERARY PROPAGANDISM.—Some years ago it was noticed that a little manual of English history, more largely used than any other in our middle-class schools, had been edited with Jesuitical art for spreading Popery, and defaming the Reformation. The Ithuriel spear of some critic touched this crafty toad, and the "manual" of history was restored to original truthfulness. Propagandism by the press is still busily used in various forms. Shorthand reporters are in request for the newspapers, and these are trained at the popish seminaries, as well as other useful underlings of literature. A recent review in "The Rock" calls attention to the popish tone of the comic books entitled "Mrs. Brown," the writer of which is a zealous proselytiser. The poison of such books is the more mischievous from their adaptation to the tastes of the lower middle class of England, with just enough intelligence to laugh at the situations of Mrs. Brown, but without enough intelligence to notice how the writer is ridiculing their Protestant and patriotic feelings, and insinuating popish or Jesuitical notions.

DIMINUTIVES.—Polynesians are addicted to the use of diminutives. To almost every noun at Rarotonga and Mangaia are prefixed the diminutives "mea" or "manga" = "bit of;" "a ship" thus becomes "a bit of a ship;" "a man" is spoken of as "a bit of a man," etc., etc. In presenting a basket of taro, the owner will depreciate it by calling it "a few buds or offshoots;" a bunch of bananas becomes "a sprout;" a great feast dwindles to "something wrapped up in leaves." In giving out the needless directions for a feasting, a chief will sometimes tell his people "to look out for wild 'nono' apples," intending by this delicate hint that their finest taro should be taken up on the day specified. This style of expression runs through everything. A plantation is described as "a holeful of earth," or "a leaf-ful of soil," or "standing-room for a bread-fruit tree." A widow once told me that her deceased husband "had left her beneath the post of their dwelling," meaning that he had given her their house to live in, not the food in the interior of the island. A man with an armful of cloth will confess to "a patch." A fisherman who has secured a shark will describe it as "a minnow." A comfortable dwelling-house becomes a mere "ant-hole."